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## DOCUMENT

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### THE SCORN OF THE WORLD: A POEM IN THREE BOOKS

TRANSLATED BY HENRY PREBLE FROM THE ORIGINAL LATIN OF BERNARD, A MONK OF THE BENEDICTINE MONASTERY OF CLUNY, IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY. WITH A PREFATORY NOTE BY SAMUEL MACAULEY JACKSON, D.D., LL.D., PROFESSOR OF CHURCH HISTORY IN NEW YORK UNIVERSITY.

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#### PREFATORY NOTE

The author of this poem was Bernard, a monk in the Benedictine monastery of Cluny, a town some ten miles northwest of Mâcon, in extreme east-central France. Nothing is known of him personally, except what may be inferred from the geographic term "Morlanensis" appended to his name in its Latin form, Bernardus Morlanensis, which seems to indicate that he hailed from Morlas, the capital of the old province of Béarn, five miles northeast of Pau, in extreme southwestern France, and from the fact that he dedicated his poem to his abbot, Peter the Venerable, who was abbot from 1122 to 1156.

The general theme of the poem is the corruption of the age both in state and church. The treatment is in the style of satire, with its legitimate exaggeration. The poem was very popular, and manuscript copies of it are still extant at several places. The famous Lutheran scholar, Matthias Flacius Illyricus, inserted it in his collection of attacks on the Church of Rome written in verse by mediæval authors, which he published at Basel in 1557 (not 1556, as commonly stated). It is by far the longest poem in the collection. The collection was reprinted in 1754, probably at Frankfort-on-the-Main—there is no place of publication mentioned on the title-page. In 1597, at Bremen, Nathan Chytræus brought out an edition of the poem separately, in apparent ignorance of the fact that Flacius had already printed it; and this edition was reprinted by Eilhard Lubin

at Rostock in 1610, by Petrus Lucius at Rinteln in 1626, and finally by the brothers Stern at Lüneburg in 1640. The only modern edition is by Thomas Wright in the Rolls series, published at London in 1872 in his *Anglo-Latin Satirical Poets and Epigrammatists of the Twelfth Century*.

The poem was first brought to the attention of English students of mediæval hymnology by the late Archbishop Trench, who inserted ninety-six lines from its first book in his *Sacred Latin Poetry* (London, 1849; second edition, 1864). These lines are upon a high spiritual plane, and were translated by the late John Mason Neale and published in his *Mediæval Hymns and Sequences* (London, 1851; second edition, 1863) and the translation leaped into such popularity, because of its glowing description of heaven, that he brought it out separately under the title, *The Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix, a Monk of Cluny, on the Celestial Country* (London, 1859; eighth edition, 1866; numerous reprints). Neale fell into strange blunders, which have been perpetuated by his faithful copyists, respecting the translation of the geographic term "Morlanensis," and other matters mentioned in his preface. He also misled his readers to suppose that Bernard's poem was upon heaven, whereas it is mostly taken up with the other place, and some parts of it are not adapted for family reading.

The cento of Trench has been rendered in part or wholly by other poets, as Mrs. Elizabeth Charles in her *Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family* (1862), Gerard Moultrie (1865), Abraham Coles (1867), Samuel W. Duffield (1867), David T. Morgan (1871), Jackson Mason (1880), and Charles Lawrence Ford (1898).

As far as I know, this is the first time the poem has been translated in its entirety.

#### DEDICATION

To his lord and father, Peter, honored abbot of the Brethren of Cluny, his son, their brother, would whisper a word of reminder. What is put forth for the ears of the public or the tongues of the many should be polished according to the criticism and made acceptable to the judgment of an expert; for touching and retouching one's work brings glory; putting it out carelessly and hurriedly brings disgrace. Hence every writer takes to one course or the other; and if he corrects his writing according to the verdict of the wise, he wins for himself, even though he does not seek it, the name

and title of wise man. If, on the other hand, he be arrogant and scorn to present his hand to the rod of correction, he lays himself open to the charge of silliness as well as arrogance. Neither he nor his discourse, therefore, is accepted even by the unskilled; and I am a liar if Horatius Flaccus,<sup>1</sup> in instructing the Pisos and restraining us who, according to the poet's words, "are forever scribbling verse, whether taught or untaught (*scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim*)"—I am a liar, I say, if Horace in his "Ars Poetica"<sup>2</sup> is not of my opinion, since he there directs that a writing which has not been corrected by length of time and many erasures, and chastened to a finished production with painstaking care again and again, be kept from seeing the light for eight years. But the indiscreet, or rather insolent, all keep bringing out and bringing in their own productions and casual scribbings, and, while ever learning, though never arriving at knowledge, flout the judgment of others, and complacently fancy that wisdom is theirs. Being their own teachers and their own pupils, and having a lordly confidence in their own little talents, they make other people's utterances of little or no account, their own of great. On the other hand, it is the mark of a wise and learned man to compare one's own works with those of the learned, and to study form and style in them and with them and from them, and try to follow their methods in the arrangement of the ideas and the words themselves. It is certainly customary, if our works need more careful pruning, to prune them; if adornment, to polish them; if correction, to improve them, in accordance with the learned judgment of our elders; and only when they need none of these things, to put them forth to be read. Considering this, I have not neglected to offer for your criticism, most learned father, the subjoined work upon Scorn of the World, which I have prepared and completed in dactylic measure. I have not neglected, I say, to thus offer it, for I judged that it should not be published in independent confidence or confident independence, without having been first approved by the mouth of Peter, the veritable rock, fortified by his acceptance, corrected according to his opinion, strengthened by his good word. And I ask that no one will blame me or impute it to flattery that I address you by the simple name Peter, and emphasize the compliment by coupling the name with its etymological meaning. For I know that, as with unrestrained minds glory or praise is the destruction of merit, so with the excellent is it an incentive, and the

<sup>1</sup> Not, as the reader might suppose, from the "Ars Poetica," but from Horace's "Epistle to Augustus" (Ep., II, 1, l. 109).

<sup>2</sup> This reference is to the "Ars Poetica" (ll. 386 ff.), and the quotation reads thus, using only the pertinent parts and discarding the verse form: "Si quid tamen olim scripteris . . . nonumque prematur in annum, membranis intus positus."

words of the poet are true, "*gloria calcar habet*, glory is a spur."<sup>3</sup> For a generous soul, whenever anything is said in praise of it, ever strives, even if it is not true, to make it true because it is said. One never speaks to deaf ears, therefore, in praising a good and honored man, when the very praise of virtue is his subject. But enough of this. Now I come back to the point of digression. To your criticism, therefore, most learned father and lord, I have determined to intrust the little work on Scorn of the World. I have written and divided it, but not yet put the finishing touches to it. If anyone or you yourself should want to know why I preferred to bind myself to verse rather than to write in prose, I will say, quoting the words of the poet,<sup>4</sup>

*"Aut prodesse volunt aut delectare poetae*

*Aut utrumque et honesta et idonea dicere vitae,"*

("A poet seeks to profit or to please or both,  
And to say things worthy and fit to live.")

because what is put forth in metre is more eagerly read, and more easily sinks deep into the memory. Hence, while the reader is charmed by the beauty of the lines and the music of the words, he is fired to show forth the virtues of which he hears or reads, and girds himself up to practice them while he contemplates the graces of the language. Therefore, as in verse there is most beauty, so in beauty there is most profit, and each of these hangs together with the other. And this is easy to see; for if the reader take pleasure in the one, he certainly will in the other. For he who gazes with eagerness upon the beauty of the words often grasps more eagerly the fruit of the thought. Hence it happens that all, or nearly all, that poets have written, they have put forth with a metrical safeguard, so to speak, expecting to make attractive, when painted in verse, what they could not make so in prose. Therefore also the Psalter itself, as they call it, is composed in lyric feet. I pass over the point that very many pages of the Testament, which I omit to enumerate, for the reason given were written in metre, not turned into metre. For in the time of revealed grace, when faith and the gospel and our crucified Jesus reigned everywhere, the art of versification came so far into favor that some of the orthodox ventured to turn even the majestic dignity of the gospel's pages into

<sup>3</sup> The poet here referred to is not Horace, but Ovid, and the quotation comes from "Ex Ponto," IV, 2 (Severo), l. 36, and reads, discarding the verse form: "Excitat auditor studium, laudataque virtus crescit, et immensum gloria calcar habet."

<sup>4</sup> From the "Ars Poetica," with the second line from a different text or defective memory. The quotation as given in A. J. Macleane's text is: "Aut prodesse volunt aut delectare poetae, aut simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitae."

spondees and dactyls. Thus, therefore, I, imitating the style of those whom I emulated in devotion to God, though not able to reach their skill in this or in other branches, yet was both desirous and able to pursue their end, and pursued it. For inasmuch as in the minds of my fellows a reputation for writing good verses hovered about me, though undeservedly, and hardly anyone spoke, much less wrote, in criticism of faults, my heart warmed within me; and when the fire of zeal had burned brightly in my meditations many days and nights, I finally girded myself up, and spoke with my tongue what I had long kept hidden in my mind. For I had often heard the Bridegroom say, "Let thy voice sound in my ears," but had not obeyed, and again the Beloved cried to me, "Open unto me, my sister."<sup>5</sup> So then I arose to open unto my Beloved, and said: "Lord, that my heart may meditate, my pen write, my tongue proclaim thy praise, pour thy grace into my heart and my pen and my tongue." And he said unto me: "Open thy mouth, and I will fill it." So I opened my mouth, and the Lord filled it with the spirit of wisdom and understanding, that through the one I might speak truly, through the other, clearly. This I say not in pride, but altogether in humility, and only for this reason boldly that, unless the spirit of wisdom and understanding had flowed in upon me, I could not have put together so long a work in so difficult a metre. For this kind of metre, preserving as it does an unbroken line of dactyls, except for the last foot, and the leonine sonority, has, in consequence of its difficulty, fallen almost, not to say quite, into disuse. Finally, it is well known how little was composed in it by those most excellent verse-writers, Hildebert de Lavardin,<sup>6</sup> made first bishop and afterward metropolitan for his preeminent attainments, and Wichard, canon of Lyons.<sup>7</sup> Hildebert, in

<sup>5</sup> Reference to Cant. 5:2.

<sup>6</sup> Hildebert, born 1056, became bishop of LeMans 1096, and archbishop of Tours 1125, where he died December 18, 1133. The cathedral of LeMans is his monument. His moral character was publicly exposed by the famous revival preacher Henry of Lausanne, a monk of Cluny. His literary remains, both in prose and verse, are in Migne, *Pat. Lat.*, CLXXI. The poem on Mary of Egypt is in cols. 1321-40. There is a brief quotation from him in the collection of Flacius, *Varia doctorum piorumque virorum, de corrupto ecclesiæ statu, poemata* (Basel, 1557; p. 417), in which Bernard's poem first saw the types.

<sup>7</sup> The name is spelled variously, Guichard, Vuichard, Wichard. The last is the form preferred by the authors of the monumental *Histoire littéraire de la France*, who on p. 444 of Vol. XII give a brief notice of him. The satire mentioned by Bernard is the only piece of his which has survived, and we owe this, curiously enough, to Flacius, who inserted it on pp. 489-91 of the collection mentioned above. It is only thirty-three verses long, and is headed "Satyricum carmen in monachos." Nothing appears to be known of his personal history, save that he wrote in the twelfth century and was a canon of Lyons.

writing in hexameters of the blessed sinner, Mary of Egypt, gave but four lines the shading of this metre, and Wichard used it in thirty lines, more or less, of his Satire. But why do I mention this? That men may understand that it is not without God's help and inspiration that I have written three books in a metre in which these writers wrote so few, so very few lines, begging their pardon for saying so. And now I offer my meditations to the criticism of your judgment, most learned father, and would whisper a reminder of my obedience in so doing. For when you were at Nogent<sup>8</sup> a while ago, and had deigned to receive some little works of mine, you bade me also bring you this of which I had happened to speak; and since I could not do it then, not having the work with me, I now offer it to you divided into three books, and beg for your correction here, if it shall be necessary. It is not irrelevant to mention briefly beforehand what subject I have treated in each book. In the first I have discussed Scorn of the World. In the two subsequent books both the subject and the purpose are the same, the subject being the castigation of sin, the purpose to recall from sin, and everyone is aware of the value of such writing and the good it does. To be brief, I have dedicated this work, such as it is, to you, father, writing it with God's favor, and will send it if I cannot be at hand to present it in person. May, therefore, the gracious father graciously receive his son's work, the master his pupil's, the lord his servant's! For with approving conscience I dare to say confidently, and I do say, that you have in me a true son, a devoted pupil, a servant without servility. What are you to be to me, or rather what I to you? Surely you will be a father to me, and I shall be a son to you. For the rest, may the God of peace and love preserve you and yours in peace, reverend father. Amen.

## BOOK I

The hour of doom is at hand; the times are out of joint. Let us awake! Behold, the Supreme Judge stands threateningly over us, to end the evil, crown the right, reward the good, free the troubled, and give us the realms of light. He will take away the hard and heavy load of the burdened soul, will strengthen the worthy, and punish the wicked, with justice to both. Behold, the King of Piety and Majesty is come; the man accused, God in man's name, shall arise as Judge and not as Father.

Arise, and walk the narrow path, all ye who can. The King comes quickly, knowing the facts, and himself the witness against us. Let all

<sup>8</sup> There are no less than eight Nogents in France! Probably the one here meant is Nogent-sur-Seine, sixty miles southeast of Paris. Near to it Abelard built his humble oratory which bore the name of The Parclete and was superceded by Heloise's abbey of the same name. The ruins of the latter building are still visible.

the guilt and all the dross be washed away while there is yet time and opportunity. Give to the needy. Make ready a lowly place for him that aspires too high. The Judge stands over us, and will tell exactly what he means to give us and what he has given. He comes back a light unto the good and a terror to the bad.

He that is now slighted will appear in lordly power, inexorable, terrible in his wrath, and not to be withstood. In his right hand he will hold the worthy hosts and the wicked hosts. On one side the accepted will have their place, on the other the rejected. The wicked on one side, the worthy on the other, will hear the words: "Go, go, ye guilty troop. Come into my kingdom, my flock." The concourse on the right hand shall go to heaven with Christ at their head. The crowd lost in sin shall wail in their ranks on the left.

The crowd lost in sin, condemned by sin to hell, stands fast now, but shall fall then; stands fast here, but shall there forever atone for its deeds. Then shall ye who weep now receive eternal joy, believe me, ye holy concourse, new-born in holiness. The flock shall be restored, and the thief shall be removed from the flock, the new from the old, the accepted from the rejected, the white from the black, the foe from his bold schemes, the lamb from his foes, the goat from the lambs. The humble shall mount to the stars, the lofty go down to the lowest place. He that weeps shall flit to heaven, and he that delights in sin shall depart to regions below. The drunken soul shall atone for carnal pleasures; the sober and worthy rejoice. Finally, the last fire shall rise higher than any mountains, while the slothful occupy places below, and the blessed the stars; and the flame shall rise free into the air, shall rise to the stars, and destroy palaces and kingdoms, villas and cities and castles. It shall boil away all the elements that now reek with filth, and shall make all things shine with light, removing the impurities.

The world shall be occupied and renewed, itself yet different—different in aspect, though not in source; and no man shall be poor there or feeble or sad. There shall be no raging madness or strife, no food or cooks, no passion, no jeers or swelling pride or violence. The earth shall be moved, and the form of its circle made over which is now seized, defiled, destroyed in one whirling chaos.

The earth bears our fathers' bones; hereafter it shall be like the Garden of Eden. No more shall the husbandman till it as now, leaning on the help of the ox. The atmosphere shall no longer have the same complexion, but be free from snow and clouds, lightning, thunder, and rain. The orbit of the sun and the quick-fleeting moon shall stand still; the stars, the



pole, the sea shall cease to revolve. All the constellations shall be bright, with the glory of the Right Hand of God, the constellations shall have twofold light, and the sun shall illumine thy courts.

The pious people that weep now shall then shine as the sun, and all have learned minds and beautiful bodies—beautiful and swift and strong, free, charming, sound, and vigorous, exempt from hateful death. The comeliness of Absalom were uncomeliness there, the hair of Sampson stubble, and slow the foot of Asahel, the hind of Israel. Naught there the power of Cæsar that knew no peer, the might and pleasures of Solomon naught. There would not Moses give himself sound eyes and teeth, and brief were the life of Methuselah. Seek these things well, ye souls—seek, seek, arise to seek pure joys, enduring joys that perish not nor ever shall.

Does not the robber, snatched from the cross of woe, to rule rich realms and hold a scepter high, know patent joys? His joy is gloom and nil beside the joys above. Compare them, and thou seest that earthly joy is naught.

We shall see and share and know those heavenly joys, we who weep for slippery joys now. All things closed or open shall be for us all. Our individual members shall be fashioned as eyes. The worthy eye shall look through all things closed as through things open, for God is its sure vision there. We shall look upon the face, and our gaze shall pierce through to what is hidden within; nor shalt thou fear to have thy sins exposed to view, laid away in tears. Thy neighbor shall know thy wrong-doings, thou his, and feel no shame. More gracious grace, a higher hand shall there be shown to thee. The fiercer thy wounds now borne without complaint, the plainer and surer shall be the healing there. All closed paths shall open before thee and nothing obstruct thy way. Dost know how to imagine good things? The more shalt thou gain, my steadfast voice. Thou shalt march mightier than the world, swifter than winged sight. Thou shalt be found mighty to roll the ages without an effort. Thou shalt be equal to them above, shalt imitate their deeds and follow with skill; thou shalt see the Father's face, O thou of pious speech here. Standing above the clouds, thou shalt safely see black Tartarus below, and have no fear of its gloom and woes, its terrors and its tears.

The troop of the guilty and lost sees the joys afar off now, sees judgment, hence weeps, and, wicked, envies the holy. It weeps because many a tear is in store for it, while joys await the holy. It weeps because it falls and shall not see the face of the Thunderer. As the upright then sees the reprobate troop, so now the reprobate sees the blest, and looks down with scorn upon it below itself.

More beautiful is a swan after a blackbird, white after black, music after groaning, snow after pitch, the good after the reprobate.

Neither the good daughter becomes troubled about her mother nor the son about his father, though the daughter stand while the mother falls, the son is blessed while the father atones for his sins. As you now delight to see the fishes sport in the sea, so you shall not groan with pain to see your flesh in hell.

Run, good man, avoid the slippery, and choose the virtuous. Be wrung with tears, and by your tears you shall win the delights of heaven. You shall be filled with light without a moon or evening star. There shall be a new light, a golden light, one only light. When wisdom or power delivers over its ancestral kingdoms to the Father, then shall thy path go to him. Then shall new glory illumine the worthy heart, and make all that puzzled plain. The true and lasting sabbath shall appear.

The Hebrew shall walk free from his foes and them that lord it over him. He shall be held free and celebrate the Year of Jubilee. Their land of light, unknowing storm and strife, shall be peopled with new citizens and filled with the sons of Israel. The gleaming land, the blooming earth, shall be freed from thorns, and given to the faithful citizens there which here is held by strangers. Then shall all the holy look upon the face of the Thunderer in full power and knowledge and peace that faileth not. All the faithful shall have that peace, that blessed peace, inviolable, unchangeable, and unalloyed; peace without sin, peace without storm, peace without strife, the end of toil and uproar, an anchor sure. One peace shall be for all—but whom? The spotless, the gentle of heart, standing firm in their place, and holy of speech. That peace, unfailing peace, has been given to them above, and is to be given to the humble, and the courts shall be filled with their festal voices and songs.

This Garden of Eden shall abound in all sweet perfumes, and there shall be full grace, full joy, song, and rippling laughter—full redemption, full renewal, full glory; while violence and misery and grief are fled, and suffering banished. No weakness is there, no sadness, no tearing asunder; there is one common weal, one only peace, peace without a flaw. Here are mad passions, evil schisms, scandals, peace without peace; on Zion's heights is peace without strife and without grief.

O sacred draught, sacred refreshment, vision of peace, anointment of the soul, not refreshment of the greedy belly! On this man leans, by this he walks, this uses, and shall enjoy. The peace unfailing, now but a hope, shall hereafter be found a fact. Good Jesus and his comeliness shall be the food of the blessed, feeding their souls that thirst for him and are filled.

And thou shalt thirst, and shalt be filled with this feast of life, no toil for either, one rest, one love for both. Thou, a stranger, shalt be united with the citizens of heaven, thyself a citizen. Here is the trumpet of battle; there peace and life await thee that livest well. All the faithful shall have this one Last Supper. Then shall the net be heaped up and filled to overflowing. Then at last, unharmed by the vast numbers of great fish, it shall be glorified, and the serpent shall be driven from the lambs.

The forces of them that fall shall be sundered, of them that stand shall be saved, and thou shalt burn the one and stablish the other, O God. A new people, a new flock, this goodly number of the good, shall seek Jerusalem—the pious sow here and shall reap there. It shall be a glorious flock, in him rejoicing as Father, on him leaning as Leader, who took away all guilt by his blood—the Crucified King. This flock in holy order, in gleaming lines, and filled with light, shall live under his leadership who suffered on the cross—the King of Nazareth. Nourished by the savor of the spirit and the nectar of heaven, it shall live in sweet repose amid perpetual spring. Among sacred lilies and springing buds of flowers the ranks of the pious shall stroll and practice melody, preparing their hearts for praise and their lips for song, as they stand recounting their old-time slips and sins. The greater their wrong-doing was, the wickedder their hearts, the greater shall their praise be and the loftier their hymns to him who set them free. Then there will be one song, full of the mercy of the Thunderer, one hymn of praise of him who gives heavenly rewards for husks—rewards for husks, joys for woe, life for death—life wherewith the Israelite shall be filled again.

Here we live a little while, and wail a little while, and weep a little while; the recompense shall be a life not brief nor e'en brief tears. Oh, recompense! Our brief course here eternal life awaits. O recompense! A heavenly mansion waits for them of misery full.

What is it that is given, and to whom? Heaven to needy creatures who merit the cross, the starry skies to worms, good gifts to guilty souls, the stars to sinners. Heavenly grace not only gives us all the gifts of light, but crowns our flesh above the stars. All shall receive one recompense of heavenly grace—all, all who weep for woe. Then shall the rose flash red as blood, the lily virgin white, and joy surpassing make thee good, O pious tear. Now is thy portion sadness, but then joy—joy greater than tongue can tell or eye can see or touch can grasp. After the dark, fierce, wicked scandals of the flesh, light without darkness, peace without disturbance, await thee. Now we have battle, but hereafter rewards, and of what sort? Complete; complete renewal, free from all suffering and trouble. Now

we live on hope only, and Zion is vexed of Babylon; now is our portion tribulation, but then new birth, a scepter and a crown. Therefore shall Rachel yield to Leah, journeying home, Martha to Mary, the wrath of Saul to David, of Holofernes to Judith, of Ahab to Elijah, and all things obey the meek, while hope becomes reality, the seed fruit, the word deed, the darkness day. He who is now but believed on shall himself be seen and known, and shall be theirs who see and know him. Complete renewal, then the pious vision, vision of Jesus. Him shall Israel behold, and be filled with feeding on him, shall be filled with him and dwell with him on the heights of Zion.

O good King, none needs there to say to thee, "Spare." There shall be no wretched heart any more, nor wasted time, no corpses, funerals, or tombs; and, what is still more blessed, all evil shall be far away. Thine eyes shall no more be wet for thy sins, and the mournful joys and soft-tongued attacks of the flesh shall be gone. Deceit and wrong and wrangling—in short, all evils—shall perish. Thou shalt have no trials, no torments to fear, no wrongs, no injuries, no troubles to bemoan. The cross on which this flesh, these ashes, wear themselves away shall be a blooming flower, and there shall be nothing more to make it afraid. None shall need to feed on husks or to try to turn any man's heart by entreaty, nor shall anyone weep, lost in misery or fear of death or torture. By thy tears shalt thou win the right to joy and life—life not defiled by husks or prayers, or misery and death and torture. Heavenly plenty and heavenly grace shall be spread broadcast, and the soul shall see new light, while God becomes all things to all. An enviable race and blooming life, the welling fount of David there. The light will golden be, the land with milk and honey flow. That light will have no evening, that race no woe, that life no death. Jesus will be there, holding all and held of all. His light will feed the blessed, his light alone, food without food to them adapted whose hearts are as fire. Him we shall behold, and shall be satisfied beholding him, while our chorus of earth shall fill the star with its holy bands.

We lean on hope now, and here are fed on milk, but there shall eat the bread of life. The night brings many ills, the morn will bring deep joy. The passion brings joys, redemption kingdoms, the sacred cross a haven, tears rejoicing, suffering rest, the end new birth. Jesus will bring high trophies to all them that love him; Jesus will be loved and will appear in Galilee. The morning will appear, darkness flee away, and order reign. The morning will be bright, and he who brings good gifts will shine brightly. Then shall the pious ear take note and hear the words, "Behold thy King." Behold thy God, thy Glory is here, and the Law is done away; my portion,

my King, God in his own glory shall be seen and loved; the Creator shall be seen face to face. Then Jacob shall be made Israel and Leah Rachel. Then shall the courts of Zion and the beautiful country be perfected.

O fair country, the worthy eye beholds thee, at thy name tears gather in the worthy eye. The mention of thee is as ointment to the soul, the healer of pain, the fire of love to the soul that takes in heaven. Thou art the one and only peace, the heavenly paradise. No tears hast thou, but peaceful joy and smiles. There is the hay planted and the tall cedar and hyssop; the walls gleam with jasper and are brilliant with golden bronze. Sardius is thine, and topaz and amethyst. Thou art wrought of the heavenly congregation, and Christ is thy crowning gem, thy light the death on the cross and the flesh of the crucified Leader. Praise, benediction, hallelujahs resound for him. A blooming dower and brilliant gems are thine, the King of Nazareth, Jesus, man and God, the Golden Ring, the Garden of Delight—the Door and Doorkeeper, at once the Ferryman and the Haven. He is thy salvation-bringing Day-Star, thine Ark, Champion, and Garden. Thou art the fount and stream without bounds of space or time; sweet of taste art thou to the good, and thou hast the living rock all about thy brink. God himself is thy golden stone, thy wall, indestructible, insuperable, and never doomed to fall.

The bay is thine, a golden dower is given thee, lovely Bride, and thou receivest the first kisses of the Prince, and lookest upon his face. White, living lilies are thy necklace, O Bride! Thy Bridegroom, the Lamb, is beside thee; thou standest in beauty beside him. Peace, thy rewards, the Founder, the halls, the holy cross upon the gate, thy skill to praise, thy function to live undying, thine only work to make sweet music, and jubilant sing thy ills deserved and blessings given. Thy lot is joy without end, without alloy; thy law to shout and sing, "Glory be to Thee, O Christ."

City of Zion, city fair, country of harmony and light, to thy joys art thou ever drawing the pious heart. Blessed Jerusalem, our home, not place of passage, street beautiful, Pythagoras' hand points the way to thy good gifts. Golden city of Zion, country of milk, beautiful in thy people, thou overweldest every heart, thou dazzlest the eye and heart of all. I cannot, cannot tell thy happiness and light, thy glad companionships, and thy wonderful glory. Trying to extol them, my heart is overcome and faints. O fair glory, I am conquered, thy praise conquers me utterly. The courts of Zion, filled with the martyrs, ring with hallelujahs, amid the gleaming crowd of citizens, secure in her Prince, in the peaceful light. Abundant pasturage for the soul is there, assured to the holy; the throne of the King is there, and the sound of a feasting throng. A race glorious

in its Leader, a company shining in white raiment, dwells happy in Zion's halls, those kindly halls. Without sin, or trouble, or strife, the Israelites dwell on the lofty heights of Zion. Blooming peace is there, green pastures, life's very marrow, with naught to vex, no tragedy or tears.

O sacred draught, refreshment sacred, peace of souls! How pious, how good and pleasant, the sound of their hymns!

God is himself sufficient food unto all the redeemed—full refreshment, the actual vision of the Almighty. They are satisfied, and yet they have a panting thirst for him, without fiery heat, without distress, without complaint. To one more, one less, that mighty bounty of the Godhead—many are the mansions, many the recompenses, of the Father. The moon is before the lesser fires, the sun before her. She presides over the night, they over them that sail the sea, he over the day. Thou seest that one star shines more brightly in the sky than another star; so shall the faithful believe there are supreme rewards and rewards more moderate.

O famous Zion, glory due to those who shall be glorified, thou displayest intensest blessings to the inner eye. The eye within, the keen vision of the mind, beholds thee. Our hearts on fire reap hope now, hereafter the reality. O only Zion, mystic dwelling in the skies, I rejoice for thee now; for myself I grieve now, and mourn, and pant. Because I cannot with the body, I often make my way to thee in spirit; but flesh is earth, and earth is flesh, and now I fall back. None can disclose, and none describe in speech the splendor that fills thy walls and thy capitol. I can as little tell it as I could touch the heavens with my finger, or walk upon the sea, or plant a javelin in the sky. Thy beauty overwhelms all hearts, O Zion, O peace; city without time, no praise of thee can go beyond the truth. O dwelling new, the pious company, the pious race, lays thy foundations, carries on the building of thy walls, and brings them to a complete and perfect whole. God cherishes thee, and the ranks of the angels dwell in thee, feasting and playing upon the ten-stringed lyre. Thou bloomest with the prophets, art golden with the twelve patriarchs, and bright with the faithful who are ahungred here, but filled there. There are the pure lilies of the virgin couch, the blood-red rose, the purple badge of dignity and worth. The company of the patriarchs adorns thee, a spotless couch is thine, a holy victim and holy tears the penalty for guilt. The Great King presides there and occupies thy courts, the only-begotten of the Father, mystic lion at once and lamb. The King is there, the only Son of Mary, Offspring of the Holy Virgin, Author of Creation, Mouthpiece of Wisdom. Here the Father's Word and Wisdom, the Father's Right Hand; as Final Judge he holds all things below, above, within, without. God rules the

stars, my clay dares aspire to the stars in him who holds all things created in his hand as his own. With the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost equally hold all things, tower above all things, are all and everywhere. We seek him well, and so shall see him; nay, do see him. We shall gaze upon him and shall thirst for him, and be satisfied. To look continually and forever upon the face of the Thunderer brings lasting gain, unceasing gain to the holy.

O courts of splendor, blooming land, O land of life without a wrench, without a grief and without strife, 'tis thee I seek, thee I adore, for thee I burn; 'tis thee I wish, and hail and sing. Nor do I seek thee through merit, for as to merit I reap death. In merit I am a son of wrath, nor reign in silence. My life, indeed is very guilty life, is death in life, o'erwhelmed and trampled under deadly sin. And yet I walk in hope, in hope and faith I ask for my reward, the everlasting reward I ask for night and day. The Father of goodness and piety created me, supported me amid filth of the world, raised me out of the filth and from the filth washed me clean. Thy greatest hope, thy strongest hope, is fixed and shall be fixed on Him who after thy<sup>9</sup> sins let his light shine into their abyss. When I take strength from him, I rejoice; when from myself I mourn. In him I rejoice, in myself I grieve and toil in tears. While I meditate upon his flesh, quick joy is in my heart; but when I view my own mean flesh, my soul congeals, conscious of its meanness. Let great power and supreme grace relax the great punishment, unloose the tremendous chains of the wicked, overcoming the devil. Celestial grace alone has power to spare the inward rottenness of the whole world, a healing salve to its ills. Celestial grace, the welling fount of David, washes all things clean; all things doth wash, and floweth over all, cleansing all.

O pious grace, make me to see the palaces on high; let me behold the blessings and the celestial festivals of harmony. Let me not be tortured in soul or follow or say anything unholy; let me join the denizens of heaven and follow the Lamb. Let me be free from dross within, from foes and trouble, cold and hail, flesh, lust, death, fear without. O country of heaven, without sin or storm, I, sinner, burn for thee—I will say more, with faithful heart I dare aspire to thee. Thou art all my hope, O Zion golden, more brilliant than gold, glorious in thy ranks, secure in thy Leader, blooming with perpetual bay. O fair land, shall I obtain thy full rewards? O fair land, shall I behold thy joys and thee? Tell me, I beg, and answer give,

<sup>9</sup> The obscurity of this couplet can be better illumined with the *tua* of P [one of the various readings of Wright's edition, to which these notes signed H. P. refer] than with the *sua* of the text, so I adopt it.—H. P.

O say, "Thou shalt behold." I have a well-fixed hope; shall I attain the thing? O say, "Thou shalt attain."

Rejoice, my ashes, God is thy portion, thou art his; see that thou remainest so. Thy King thy portion is, thou his; see that thou fail'st him not. My heart, my sinful heart, that portion shall not be torn from thee. Tears are thine, but thou shalt have the better part; ask, and thou shalt receive—the better portion, full refreshment, unfailing peace of soul, the vision of the Deity, the face of Omnipotent Light. Hence the deep thirst, the sacred tear, the panting sigh. Through tears the spirit becomes an offering, weeps for its wrong and covers it with a veil of tears, crushes down the flesh, washes and lightens the deed, the heart, the tongue. It scorns the external, and knocks at the door of the inward night and day. It bemoans and upbraids itself, wrings, drives, tries itself, is a furnace to itself, rouses the heart with wailing and repeats the cry, "O Zion, O peace!"

To the tearful, the hungry, the tired is the vision of the Father breath and refreshment and new life. O holy, pious, thrice and more times blest is he whose portion is God! O wretched, sinful, he who hath that portion not! The one and only glory of the heavens, the one Creator is himself the Giver of the Gift, the Maker of the sky, and the Gift itself. It warms the heart to look upon his face, to see the bands, to take the rewards and share his light.

Race pious of tongue, but impious in walk, jealous of good morals, why live ye ill and lose those blessings of the good? Race of adamant, with hearts as hard as stone, why scorn ye the good, to seek the perishable? Reckless race, crowd whirling in the vortex of death, race bereft of deeds without, and hearts turned within, why draw ye back and scorn those inward gifts? Why leave ye the manna and go back to Pharaoh? Why seek ye the things that make ye fall and die? Why cleave ye to that which falls in death and dies at last? O spurious crowd, delirious crowd, whither do ye haste? Whither are ye hurling your guilty bodies, your guilty hearts? Why, I ask, do ye scorn to go before and seek to turn backward? O race condemned, ye turn your face to sin, your back to good. Man, why dost thou prefer the fleeting to the permanent, the fallen to that which stands, the last to the first of things, and spurn the high, all bent upon the low? Rise, turn back, strive to rise, strive to turn back. Make known the sinner, sinner; God is at hand to avenge, to avenge the hidden wrong. Uncover the wounds, uncover the corpses four days old; uncover the wounds, and cover them with tears, smite the sound parts. Race of Babylon, rise, weep for your harmful joys, drive them away with your tears, wipe the place and guard it well.



The hour of doom, the last day, is near with its sin-destroying fire, grateful but terrible, mild and yet harsh, bright but appalling. Vengeance is at hand, death, tribulation—of what character? Bitter. A bright day to them that sleep, terrible to those awake. Though so long-suffering, our Judge stands threatening, as proclaimed by the bards and disclosed by the mouth of the prophets.

O awful crash, as all things fall in flame, aye, even the heavens! The King comes quickly, the sinner and the faithful man tremble at his coming. From this Leader shall we receive our rewards, from this Judge obtain glory. Before this Judge shall fraud fail; through his testimony shall guilt be known. Gentle yet terrible, a lamb yet fierce, other and yet the same, shall he appear, and the heavens obey him. The bands of heaven and the topmost heights shall be shaken; the heavens, the earth, the sea, shall be heard to give forth a sound. The high summits and the high bands shall fall together; the heights and the depths, the sun, the sea, the stars, shall be shaken. Now silent to form a good judgment, he shall thunder forth, roaring and raging and striking against that which is evil. Mild to them that love him, but terrible to his foes, will he be found; merciful to the one, inexorable to the other. His one countenance shall frown upon the one and smile, oh wonder vast, beneficently upon the other. He shall have pity upon the one and crush the other. Long-suffering, kind, bearing the burden of the wicked here, he shall then punish the evil and fortify the acts of the good. One shall be rendered beautiful by merit, another raised aloft by the grace of the Father alone—grace not deserved by him, but freely given.

When the way is hard and the course of two feeble, one shall be rejected, the other win the heights of heaven. When the way is slippery and the case of two is the same, one shall be loved, the other regarded as an enemy and outcast. Many a pitfall unto many, nay unto all, is this matter of the acceptance of some and the casting out of others in despair. An insoluble, inexplicable enigma, this. We see external goods from the outside only; their Author from within also. God knows the pious heart, denies the impious, just to them both.

Let every man tremble for himself, and let every man rejoice in thy grace. Let every man bemourn his sins, and walk in fear and trembling. He falls from the ranks tomorrow who today stands in line apparently pure. The almighty King who rules all things crushes some and chooses others. The way of man is today wicked, tomorrow pious; today roses, tomorrow dust. Soon the rose becomes a thorn, and the wolf lurks about the sheep-fold tomorrow. Man sees the face, but God the heart; God finds him a

sinner who to man seems good. Let each man tremble for his deeds, let God make thy flesh faithful, make it faithful and blot out vile and impious joys with tears.

Sport, oh sport, ye people of Babylon, while your bodies live. Sport, ye of hearts slow to good and prone to evil. The last day is at hand which shall put all your doings to flight, burning your palaces and your treasure-houses. The King of Piety will come, with his rage not like our rage—O inward trembling—stern to some, to others kindly of speech. The King will come, a scourge unto them that fall out of line, a mild unjudging judge to them that keep in line. He has suffered judgment and endured to stand before Pilate. In righteousness will he show it forth, but he has borne it and will make it bearable. The King born of a virgin, himself Giver and Gift, shall be plainly visible. Why weave delays? All flesh shall see the Son of man. The unutterable, wicked crowd shall gaze on him they crucified, him whom they cursed, alas, depraved in tongue and heart. The grain shall be gathered into barns and threshed upon the floor, and he that weepeth now shall receive joy forevermore. The impious race of Babylon, born to die, shall fall, the son of peace shall mount to heaven, the son of wrath go down to hell. Then shall Gehenna be heaped up and overflow with the ranks of sin and lust.

One shall find it mild there, another harsh, another without escape; afterward there shall be no remission or redemption. Bewail your evil here, seek the stars, ye children of Eve. Here pain is profitable, here is it possible to win your place, but there alas, alas! Fraud is scourged there and pride howls, but in vain. Wantonness weeps, sluggishness grieves with unceasing grief. The fickle heart mourns for what is worthless and weeps for its bitter lot; the race of darkness is lost to self and hope and name. They that burn with Venus' flame now shall be roasted by the fiercest fire of Gehenna; vengeance shall pursue and smite them with fury to their destruction. It roasts the hearts on fire with sin, the limbs on fire with lust, crushes the false witness, rages against the arrogant, lowers over all. It renews and slays, makes whole and cuts, that undying bodies still may die; the standing be laid low, that cold may glow and fire congeal, and they that seek to escape either may fail to find the other. Full many a death is there, flame black as night, and light that is darkness. I cannot touch on all details in my poor verse or in prose. As human voice cannot proclaim the joys of the good, so human voice cannot proclaim the woes of the bad. He that is crafty now shall hereafter find the baseness of his heart and the wickedness of his life punished by dire torture and pain. Verily vengeance like a lash shall be doubled for my deeds, devour the heart and

pierce the frame through and through. Let the pious man hear this, that he may stand firm; the impious, that he may rise up quickly. Fear begets firm standing, blesses him that standeth, and cleanses him that is sunk in guilt. Uttermost punishment shall bring hearing to the inattentive ear, and real tears shall be shed at last by the heart caught in sin. Those that wrong-doing binds together here, smiting vengeance shall unite there, bringing the feeble together with the feeble, the depraved with the yet more depraved. Their frivolous life now, punishment then, binds the low to the low, the depraved to the depraved. The ranks of sin are tied up and bound together like a great bundle, and, having no fruition in them, are burned like fagots. They are withered fig trees without fruit within, worthless branches and dry for the burning. Earthy flesh and fleshly earth is the horde of the wicked, a crooked generation, a miscellaneous bundle of kindling wood. Hereafter shall their laughter be changed to weeping, and in the fires and pangs of death they yet die not. The torments of the wicked are as many and great as their sins, but of the many two are the worst, cold and fire. Nor are these relieved by each other; both torture the body and soul according to Christ's judgment. Our temporal fire is a jest and cooling shade beside the fire there. The fire we call so great that not all the billows of the sea could quench it is gentle and a sort of painted picture before those enduring flames. That cold is such that it would freeze the fiery mass of a molten mountain. Such woes shall the course of the guilty meet. The eyes, the temples, brow, lips, chest, bowels, breasts, mouth, throat, member, legs there feed the flames. There do the eyes weep, weep for their sins long past, become a horrid foulness and foul horror now. The sight of the Demon and face of the Gorgon bristle there, and all shocking and impious things are exposed before all. The race of the wicked is stung by serpents that die not, and tortured by dragons that breathe forth flame. The serpent lives in that actual fire as the fish lives in the sea, and I read that these things shall be as I write them. There are the cross, the scourge, the hammer, the fire, and fiery flood.

O flesh, thick night awaits thee there, a night that knows no light. All the dwellers in the regions of death are in night together. Groan, wail, O man, grieve, tremble, lay aside earthly things. Fiery bonds at last enchain the individual limbs, bonds restrain elusive bodies and fictitious limbs. The sinful race is fixed head downward on a threefold cross, with face and back completely turned around. Unutterably horrible are they with their legs and feet reeking with decay and their heads downward. Such are the woes of hell for sure.

Wail, guilty race. Believe me, these things are not inventions of mine.

I note a few details here, some individual ones I know not, and some I omit. My words are true. God is building a fiery furnace of the wicked, David indicating the friends of this world. Reflect, my soul, how fierce is the fury of that fire. This furnace is heating with a heat such as furnace seldom knows. Consider in thy heart why it is called a furnace of fire. Dull soul, wandering soul, learn and fear the scourges prepared for the wicked. If thou heapest up evil here, thou shalt there become the torch that burns thyself, thine own fire and burning fiery furnace. Alas, oh theme for tears, my soul, cry out, oh pitiable, woe! Not bright and shining there the flame, but black and awful, yet it flashes out and doubles woe with darting fire. For thy pain is visible to thy neighbor, his to thee, in the darkening light. Vengeance burns the heart with cold, the body with fire. Both rush into sin, both deservedly atone for it. That the greater sinner meets such torture the God-man says, and Job the well tried. He that stands out and endures the inner woe, as God ordains, falls into outer darkness. Unless thou weepest here, thy portion there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. Smoke rising from the fires burns one, fierce cold another. There is solid proof that the torture of cold and fire awaits the wicked when they die and begin to atone for their deeds. Job's page, too, if you mark well Job's sacred songs, says quick passage drives them from snow to fire. And he is a trustworthy witness; therefore is the flank of my pen protected, being hedged about by King, lieutenant, prince, and soldiery. As the rewards, so<sup>10</sup> are the stripes perpetual—kingdoms, kingdoms everlasting for the blest, stripes unceasing for the bad. For the one is honor ever larger, for the other pain ever greater, without end. The one possesses heaven, the other is cast down to destruction. Their slippery bodies and tyrant hearts are torn with torture, and parched with the coldness of hail or the torch of the lightning. They are squeezed, furrowed, ground, wrung, smitten, and pestered in Gehenna with violence and torture, weight and cold, with scourging and suffering unceasing. There, believe me, you find the cross without the tree, death without death, voice without song, light without light, night without night. Not there do you see Aracus state judge nor Rhadamanthus, nor Cerberus there, but the fury and vengeance and wailing of hell. Not there the boatman and the skiff by voice of Vergil sung, but what? Burning, torture, night, the death of Babylon. Orpheus is not bound there by conditions made, nor Typhœus by stout thongs, nor is that heavy stone there and the bird that tears at the inwards. Blackest punishment is there, heaviest punishment, the punishment of the wicked—

<sup>10</sup> The *sic* of B makes sense of what seems nonsense with the *in* of the text, so I adopt it from the footnotes.—H. P.

their evil conscience and their guilty heart are the serpents that know them. Their envious hearts, their sordid flesh and limbs a prey to lust are torn by eternal vultures and burned with eternal sulphur in punishment eternal. Assyria's race, made food of dragons, trembles there and groans, the daughter of Babylon weeps, her lilies lost. The more blooming and brilliant and mighty she was, the more ugly she lies there shattered in foul decay. That harlot thought herself a goddess, poison filled her heart. She was given up to all things vile, and now is exposed to all punishments. Her sweet honey, or rather gall, have they drunk who now pursue slippery and fleeting joys, who prefer perishable gains and kingdoms that fall to that which lasts, and are filled with salt that has lost its savor. Her wines of passion and lust has the accursed crowd drained to whom Babylon has shut the starry realms. Their lot is changed; the greater their delights before, the more terrible the tortures into which they are now thrown. What now is left to see and know of her? She has withered and turned to ashes, collapsed and fallen. The thunder of Babel and the rebel tongue of Jezebel are sunk to hell; applaud, ye stars, ye heavens, applaud! She who had grown to ill-starred power and in her might had said, "The world is mine," has destroyed herself with the rest and plunged into the regions of death. That land is deeper and darker than the earth; the race of sinners weeps there, but the tears are too late. The land is overspread with darkness and with the whirl of death. Manifold death is there, sure tears and suffering sure. That woe endures throughout all the ages, while pain consumes the breast, and torture wrings the flesh, and fire burns the heart. Sound is stilled there, horror lies brooding there and the shadow of death. The strong man bears his sins there and strength of torture. The mighty heart endures the scourge mightily. The greedy throat is on fire, the babbling tongue of drunkenness, the gluttonous belly. Manifold torture is there and inmost punishment for the wicked, manifold torture, manifold suffering, manifold fire. The fire surges there black and mighty to torture, to burn the wicked heart and luxuriant members. Night doubles the woes, and the steaming caldron of the Styx darts forth; black and penetrating is the scorching flame, and no water is anywhere there. The furnace roars with billows of fire, and the wailing fills the air; the gloom and lamentation have no ending. Its fiery flood, its billows black the flame rolls up, and roasting cold, with freezing fire racks the soul. The devouring worm teemeth, and the deep pool of the abyss lies hidden there. All there faint in soul and body.

Sport, live, ye stranger race of rich revenues. The flesh deceives you here, and Gehenna receives you there. There is no vision, no mansion filled with light, no place of order, no courts of light and happy fields.

O Vergil, thou art deceived when thou tellest of the fields of the blessed. Thou who writest of them, dost not find Elysian fields awaiting thee there. Poetic Muse, scholastic tongue, dramatic voice, in treating of these things thou art deceived and deceivest others to their hurt. This Gehenna gleams with fires that radiate no light, is full of blackness, full of whirling confusion, full of suffering. It is full of the handmaidens of lust and vice who came thence and return thither. It swallows up them that it spits forth, pierces them through and through, and plagues them utterly, while life alone survives for the coming deaths. The fire of loin and lust burns, burns in fire, and punishment is duly meted out to it.

He that is unworthily raised up here is driven to the bottom there. He has then the worst and lowest place who now has the first. He that seizes and ravishes and mangles and tortures, shall be seized and ravished and utterly mangled and tortured himself. They that are now a prey to falseness, wrong, passion, gluttony, and greed shall become the prey of vengeance, gloom and fire, of torment and alarms. Hear this with attentive ears while yet ye may, ye who hoard up lucre, run after lucre, and sell yourselves for lucre; race quick to feed the sordid flesh with flesh, and give to them that have, but to the poor, alas! spare not a bit of bread. Here ye have Lazarus, there Tartarus, and the throat once drunk with drink and food shall there be parched and dry. The rich man dies without a hope, without a name, poor in his riches, but Lazarus hereafter shall be filled with all he weeps for now. The rich man asks for water, the hungry man reaps full plenty. Glory is given to tears, suffering to riotous abundance. After death the rich man goes below, the poor man to the stars. He that weeps amid his sores, rejoices in heaven, while the well-fed stomach grieves. A drop of water is begged, the throat is tortured and the mouth parched. No drop is given. Why? Because he would not give a crust. He that did not give a little is reduced to the least. He stands with hands outstretched to the fount and begs for the water that is not for him. Returning wine with honey, feasts with feasts, raiment with raiment, he bears his sins now, bears plague and torments. His glory and bloom have gone down into the cave of the Styx, the black cave. His bloom was but a show of bloom, and has withered and turned to pain. He that had little has now Abraham's bosom and paradise; he that had much has burning, tears, torment, suffering, and jeers.

Where now is the fine raiment? Where now are the dinners and suppers? Raiment and dinners are fleeting things, but their penalty endures. Purple passes away, and eating comes to an end, but vengeance endures—endures and worries sharply, aye, unceasingly. Fire and hunger and

thirst are the punishment of the rich man in his need, in place of the quail and the little pig, of the feast, the debauchery, the fire of the belly. The quail, the wolf, the oyster, the flesh of the sow or the steer, the fire of passion, the sinful dice, the ribald jest, the dinner by day and the supper of midnight, are passed and gone; the deed tyrannical by day, the slippery deed of night, are now no more. The man of wealth and luxury is buried and dwells in numbers in the regions below, so saith the Holy Scripture.

Hear with your ears and store in your hearts these things, ye rich. Lift up the wounded, carry the prostrate, feed the humble. Feed those with meat who shall feed you well with rich prayers, that their needy and thirsty limbs faint not. Store this precept in your hearts, and show it forth in your character and deeds, and all that pious faith acclaims and the way of soberness approves. Store it in your hearts, show it forth with your tongues, do what is right; the food unto the needy, house and shelter to the pilgrim. Give yourselves and yours; God wishes both, delights in both. Let every man give himself to the Lord, his goods to the poor. Why weave I many words? I am teaching you and myself. Let us give our trifle to the needy, who have the best with them. Christ who gave all is moaning at our gates. He is in want and cries aloud, asking for the last bit and saying, "Oh give." None gives, he is in want. What then? He will himself exact the thing refused. We, drunken race, get joys here, but torture hereafter. Lo, thou layest up vast pelf and gain in thine avarice, and keepest no account, for to keep account is the mark of the poor man. Impure beast, thou seest Christ wailing at the door, mingling here with the hungry and thirsty. On one side thou hast Lazarus, on the other Tartarus, and thou escapest one only by means of the other. Feed, help, regard, nor sinfully cast the humble from thy heart. Thou preparest but earthly goods for thyself, the poor man guarantees the heavenly goods. He will give thee God for bread; he dies and goes away, but God remains thine. Earthly glory and earthly riches are full of ashes. The glory fades and their splendor withers away. Let the world hear, hear with its inner ear. The world rolls like a wheel driven in the whirl of death. The pleasantness of the world passes and dies and leaves but a cloud. Quickly does the world vanish with its glad being. The honors of the world are frail, their moment brief, and brief the feast. It gives nothing lovely, loves nothing profitable, and jeers at virtue. With foes of soul and foes of body it bristles and withers within and without, itself and its pleasures. The love of the world perishes and destroys its own, the lovers of the world that fancy its joys, its gloomy joys are real. Shall we awake, or shall we stay sunk in the mire of the world, so plainly given over to destruction by fire

and flood and foe? Why does the wandering, guilty heart cherish the things that have no real value, that give some brief pleasure and after a little while long pain? Why do we love the flesh so near the burning and the foe within? The love of the flesh perisheth. It is a rose, but shall be dregs; therefore let it be cast out. O fair flesh, so soon foul and full of dregs, a flower now, but presently slime, aye very slime, why dost thou swell with pride? O fleshly flesh, presently clay and then worms, a man today, tomorrow dust—for that is what we are—why art thou arrogant? O feeble flesh, quick falling, soft and weak, why dost thou aim so high, and rear thy front so bravely? What mean thy drunkenness, thy thousand dainties? Thy wealth reeks with decay, thy wines are death; whence comes thy haughtiness? Whence is thy pride? Thy glory is dross, destroyed by death, and dross thy dinners and thy joys, aye, dross thyself. What are thy baths, thy golden raiment? What means thy gluttony? However groomed, thou still shalt ever be flesh, and yet not ever flesh. After being groomed, thou becomest ashes and ceasest to be flesh, turning to rottenness. How trifling is thy strength, the urn with its little heap of dregs teaches thee. O milky flesh, a rose now, hereafter a worthless lump, thy bloom shall fade, thy rose decay, and still in youth. The flesh, so blooming now, tomorrow shall be horrible, nay more, a very horror, a horror to friends, a horror to foes, a horror to all. Tomorrow shalt thou be horrible, withered, worthless, a bitterness, thou so fair, so blooming, so dear, today. 'Tis sad this that I am telling, the beauty of thy grace shall straightway pass, this brilliancy of face shall straightway pass and fail. Why talk at length? This flesh, this grace shall perish, this charm, this warmth, this skill or power shall pass away and die. What is perishable flesh? What useless man? But clay. What is the glory of the flesh, I ask. 'Tis earth. Its roses? Grass. Fleshly glory and all the things of flesh, while the flesh flourishes, seem stable, but they fail when it fails. Why is man born or boy brought forth? To die? He comes forth into the air, goes through hard things, moves hence, and is buried. Shifting sand, a fleeting breath, is man. In the morning he stands upon the earth, in the evening is carried out for burial. That which but now was a blooming flower falls in the space of an hour, and is presently snatched away, though it flash with beauty of body and soul. A bit of ashes becomes the man of integrity and value, full of activity as he was, and is not to be replaced or recalled. He is hidden in the sod and shut within the hospitable tomb. The glory of a statue remains for him and the shadow of a name, nay, not even a shadow. The man goes to heaven if he has done well, to hell if ill. His body lies in the ground, his skill is dead, his tongue is still,



his breath is fled. That which was a man is become dregs; he that loved him casts him off, and he that he loved shudders and will not know him, hurries quickly to cover up his limbs, hurries to bury him, weeps and gives the orders and makes ready the urn. He groans nor wipes away his tears all day. Presently he bears the bier or goes before or after in prayer. Finally he goes to the funeral lamentations with a sort of imploring wail. He goes in tears, returns rejoicing when he has consigned the bones to the tomb and come away. The loyal love disappears when the wealthy hand has disappeared. It is dead, is dead, when he has lost his friend and his wealth. He who had smiled upon him was in love with his wealth, the wicked heart.

This man of integrity, this paragon, this real man, what is he, pray? What his brave show? An urn of ashes. Handsome, lovable, irreplaceable, this rare man who filled his post so well, has flowed away like water and been straightway snatched from our sight. He has died like the cattle, and all his charm and grace are suddenly gone. Both the heat and hue are extinguished; henceforward the passion of youth is gone. Why tarry on the subject? Thou art laid low, dear flesh, art become dregs and dust. Thou ceasest to be what thou art, and shrinkest to ashes. Why does the food flow down, and the throat dilate with drinking and eating? Fed on food, thou art, O flesh, food thyself for worms, and turnest to decay. We can see thy limbs and face pale in death, pale in death, cold to the touch and shrunken together. The auburn or golden hair that waved o'er thy ivory neck lies dead, the heart and the lips with which thou gavest forth thunder tones are still. The eyes have no sight, the ears no hearing, the mouth no speech, the nose no scent, the heart no passion, the frame no warmth. The foot so swift to evil, the eye fixed on woman's charms, the milky neck, the waxen arms have fallen to decay. The waxen arms, as wonderful as beautiful, the shining limbs, one little ditch contains. The teeth before so white, the fiery lips, the blooming face, the gleaming cheek are now decayed and mere dead matter. Where now the cups, the dainties where—the thousand dainties now? Where is the bloom of youth and where the roseate glow of face? Where is the unsteady voice, the all too frequent laughter where, the ribald speech, the frenzied, wanton glance? Where are the belt, the golden ring, the fillet golden? Where the renown and high position inherited from the long line of ancestors? The flesh that sprang from kings is given to worms, is become worms. The flesh reared in palaces and hedged round with royal splendor is defenseless now. Lovely body, thou art now a black and worthless body, thou art dissolved in death and become the image of a corpse.

Earthly glory, like lilies now, tomorrow is as the wind. Fair youth flees away with time first and then in death. The noble chest, the noble body are but body, and the funeral pyre of youth and old age are one. Presently the boy dies, as the rose perishes that blooms in the spring. The strength is snatched away from the strong man, the gleaming beauty from the woman. If one had mental vision keen as the eye of the lynx, I believe he would see that sweet is bitter as gall and beauty ugliness. Think what fair bodies, breasts full of life and limbs of charm, what royal frames, are in the tomb. The tomb speaks loudly and threateningly: "Here are received the first and the last, the high and the low."

Man is a feeble thing, man is a short-lived flower, man is a thing without being, man is clay and earth, and stores up earthly things in his soul. Man is a little flower, a figurine endowed with life. Breath makes him grow, nourishes him, fills and moves him for a little while. When he leaves his bones here, the man dies and becomes mere mean flesh, flesh more horrid than all other flesh. Our flesh is more worthless when dead, more feeble when ill, than any other flesh, and so no other corpses are laid away. It quickly teems with worms, and, as is plain enough, gapes open when hurt, and soon breaks under any rough treatment and hard blow. I will not tell how quickly it becomes ill, how quickly it becomes mean; nor will I say how quickly it becomes decayed, how quickly festering rottenness. Moreover, it is more horrid, more rough and wild in death, and makes a worse stench—suffers more pain in illness and quickly falls away. You have no fear from corpse or dead body of beast, but poisonous sickness attacks you from that of your kind.

When slain they go their separate ways, the man and brute; is his or its the greater fear? Why, plainly his. A dead animal in a field causes you no alarm; the corpse of a buried brother is far more terrible to you. You are afraid to go and look upon his bones at night, though you have no fear to approach a dead animal. It is left that our corpses and dead bodies are more horrid and more fetid, and they are known to be so.

Man is a fleeting breath, a short-lived vapor that appeareth for a little while. He appears and shines forth, straightway withers and becomes dry grass. Man is born in tears, and quickly taken away, expires and is buried. He stands a little while, soon falls, is here today, tomorrow gone, set here a little while. The slightest stirring of the air, and most short-lived breath, is man. He is born unto trouble and pain. He raises his head, leaps forth, dies, is like a bubble. No bubble vanishes more quickly, no breath of air more fleetingly. He is earthly flesh and fleshly earth, an image, smoke, a heap of rottenness, the wave of a whirlpool, nay, a very

whirlpool. While breathed upon from heaven he blooms like a rose. He is a vapor, straightway collapses and disappears, becomes horrid slime. Man is made of clay here, born of a woman; the new-made man is given over to tears to weep here for himself. He bawls at the breast, lives in troubles, death calls, he goes. He that just now flourished straightway falls and is buried. He straightway falls, straightway passes and is taken away. He passes, goes away, falls, was here a moment, stayed but a little while. He came forth quickly, quickly passed hence, dies as though he had not been, sows weeds and thistles here. He pursues thistles, reaps thistles, suffers tribulation here. He seeks joy and weeps, he loves and fears, and is crushed down. While man has life, he abounds or needs, rolls like a wheel, gives, takes, goes, groans, is crushed or crushes, burns or is burned—burns and is burned, hurts and is hurt, grows up for ills. He delights in honors and in their labors sinks to rest. His is the heaviest cross who aiming at the top comes out at the bottom. Hence he boils and rages and struggles, busying himself thus. He rolls like a wheel, looks like a rose, and has a sort of brilliancy.

The rich man trembles when ill, the man of high position groans in the midst of his joy, the wealthy man withers. Finally the mad urn gets him, overwhelms him and carries him off, O hard fate, tormented by many deaths on all sides. He is thought rich in his rich name and surviving glory; his urn is filled with rottenness, and the whole land with his name. He becomes a mirror, a sound, this upright, this good man; this was he so famous of birth, so strong in ancestry, filled with the spirit of Achilles. Fame called him a man; presently the fame fades and withers away itself, flourishing a little while, then battered and torn and enfeebled. Presently, when it has passed away, the man has ceased to be or to be named; therefore it is proved that life has no warmth and living thing no strength. The dull trunk lies there; the man is still who before spoke in thunder tones. The rose that blooming stood erect upon its stalk lies hideous as withered leaves.

Life is as fleeting, nay, as evanescent, as the points which outline a geometrical figure so quickly done away. Death is the great highway; death is the ultimate edge of things. Death tramples gold and clay alike, and nothing is too late for it. It hangs over all, whether hind or noble, rushes on quickly, is the one way of all flesh.

The man more learned than Socrates, stronger than Hercules is laid low by tertian fever, and so we see that all things are vain. Understand that all that lives and moves beneath the sun is vain; you may know it finally from the teaching of books.

Lo, thou of vision so open to evil, so blind to good, the fever is thy funeral fire; whence dost thou swell with pride? What is thy strength? The frame of great Hector is shrunken and contained in a single narrow ditch. What is thy learning? The bones of Socrates are dry dust; Plato, the mouthpiece of the soul, Cato, of justice, are but dust. What is thine eloquence? Or Demosthenes' and Cicero's? Their tongues are stiff, the breath of those clever lips is fled. What are thy blood and birth? The high race of the Fabii has fallen and their crowd melted away in death.

Thy beauty raised thee up, Absalom, and double vengeance brought thine end; thy milky flesh and golden locks are become mere dregs of things. What is thine eminence? What thy name? Thy praise what? Eminence, name, praise of yore, thou seest how they fall away. What is thy glory? What thy favor? What thy gifts? Nor glory nor favor hast thou like Solomon's. Though thou hast royal magnificence, thou shalt not be higher than the son of Philip, but shalt be written less of achievement than he. He had modesty, repose, a royal pose and air, sport, battles, and all towns opened their gates to him themselves. He saw the farthest and uttermost ends of the world, born to be a man, and ruled over nations and cities and rulers. He had conquered all things, and is conquered himself in course. From man he becomes ashes, scattered as it were by the breath of the breeze. He was a flower and now is slime, that paragon, that man of strength; scarcely would he fill a basket or a little urn who before filled the world.

Where is the glory of Babylon now? Where now dread Nebuchadnezzar? Where the vigor of Darius? Famous Cyrus where? They have passed away and left no trace.<sup>11</sup> Their fame remains and is fixed while they have sunk into decay. What are the halls and the splendor of Julius? Thou art gone, Cæsar, thou wast more cruel than thyself, more mighty than the world. Thy arm, thy wars, thy forces were driven in fury that thou mightest fill the surface of the world with blood, and scale the stars with thy glory. Thou didst wrongfully try thy strength with thine elderly son-in-law, and wast no loyal father-in-law or ally to him. Thou who art ashes now wast as man great as the world. Or was thy ambition to subdue the city and the world a sham? Behold, thou art resolved into a heap of dust, an urn of ashes. Fierce Cæsar, thou art stripped bare and become next to nothing.

Where now are Marius and Fabricius who knew not gold? Where the noble death and memorable course of Paulus? Where now the divine Philipps, and the heavenly voice of Cicero? Where Cato's peacefulness

<sup>11</sup>This line is hopelessly corrupt.—H. P.

to his countrymen and wrath against the rebellious foe? Where now is Regulus?<sup>12</sup> Or Romulus? Or Remus? The rose of yore exists in name alone; mere names we hold. Quickly as the swift-fleeting path of a ball, these passing hearts and bodies strong have gone. A little while the tide of the ancients maintained its height and quickly fell; there glory ended; all their life passed by. We, too, are taken off and go away like them, go to the regions below, losing the sky, fainting in soul.

Death overhangs all living things; we all shall go. Death calls, we shall go, and not retain the glories of this world. We shall go, shall go, and shall return, to what? Way down to the lowest. Our bodies proclaim their origin in clay by their low aims.

The path of the soul is free to the heavens, of the flesh to things below. They take up the one and scorn the other, tending each to its origin. The flesh resists, the soul groans, Eve urges the man, and hence sin. The soul raises and washes, but the flesh weighs down the heart and defiles our deeds. Sweet wranglings while the crescent moon presents her horns—the one urges and the other, till both cease made as one. Why, flesh and earth, why dost thou struggle with the burden of the flesh and earth? The things of flesh and earth the die of time changes from hour to hour. Time and all the things of time roll on and know not how to stay. All individual things are proved to pass and naught to return in the general flow. See the best things of the body pass away like the wind. Remember that the separate things and blind ages pass away. The world melts away and vanishes like all the things of the world falling to destruction and wasting decay. Its light shines brightly, and lo, its charm fades utterly away. Its light flourishes and quickly fails and is as mud. See the rolling course of things running by like a stream. The glory of the earth fails and flees and vanishes in the circle of the days. The world rolls like a wheel and so is depicted as a wheel, as prone to roll, and change, and tumble down. Uncertain is its fixity, unstable its stability. It goes and comes, like the sea, bad now, tomorrow worse.

The glory of the earth, how it stands tottering! It flies like sand carried along by a stream or driven in a whirlwind. All the good things of the world flow by and none remains. It smiles with an outward appearance of splendor, but is hollow as a reed within. The glory of the earth is as glass, yea, as very glass. It is straightway snatched away and disappears in its emptiness. I see it well, each day brings change of things; if I see well, there is constant change and vanishing of things. The world and all things are vanishing like empty dreams, and many signs proclaim

<sup>12</sup> Surely this reading of P is better than the "Remulus" of the text.—H. P.

the nearness of the Day of Judgment. Stars on fire and iron-like moon are reported to have been seen, the sun without light, and the earth plunged in a whirlpool. The frail earth quakes, the wanton shades of Furies murmur, their warlike horde is said to have been seen rushing through the air. The bands of the dead are said to have been seen rushing together. Weightiest signs and many portents are coming to view. Grace fails, order is dead, wickedness rages, every one pursues guile, and is ashamed to be honest and modest. Justice is crushed under torture, the crowd by the crowd, the leader by the leader, the king by the ruler, the band by the band, the high by the high, the crowd by the crowd. All slippery deeds come out to public view, and nothing is hidden; mad, unnatural wrong is worshiped, and wantonness riots drunken by night and by day. The sacred law is out of favor, the unlawful permitted and delighted in. He that would be good is wretched, is a burden, is oppressive; he that seeks evil walks in lordly ease. No way of justice remains, for the maiden has withdrawn, and gone off to the skies with her sisters. Right is down and is a hindrance; evil practices are a help and profit. Fraud stands erect, love lies prostrate, order weeps, craft pleases, the greedy throat is here, the manly brow is lacking. Believe me, these things are forerunners and sure messengers of the end. The end is coming, and the glory of the world is perishing through foe and downfalls, rebellion, blood and fire and storm, through strife and lust and fraud, oppression, bloodshed and war.

Arise, arise, take up new hope, ye whose hope is wavering so. See the kingdoms rushing to destruction and the high places of the earth tottering to their fall. The last days are at hand, if the Holy Scriptures do not deceive us. The sayings of the prophets and the words of heaven are nearing fulfilment.

Fleshly glory is like a throw of dice and filled with ashes. The Judge stands threatening. God is at hand to judge, let the sinner awake, for Christ is near. Who now delays? Lo, fierce Antichrist is upon us. The offspring of impiety and evil, the beast of perdition, comes; under his direction the tail of the Dragon shall drive the stars below. The impious one is upon us, the son of impiety is near. He is upon us, and raises his head among those that he has laid low. Under his sway shall multiply and hold sway death, tribulation, and suffering such as never was. The seventh trump is at hand, the last stroke. Behold, the world recedes as thy words, Paul, foreshadow. Rome seems to be losing her kingdom and to be drawing back, neither her throne nor state any more high as before. Slippery deeds become open, are done in public. Rome, thy former glory is dead, thy king fails thee. With such signs going before,

may, following in sequence, the impious comes upon us in his terrors and fire. And there are evident signs of threatening, signs of wrath, that you may absolutely know the last days are very near. A black, bristling, winged dragon, spitting fire, has recently been seen in the sky—this is no theme for mirth, I tell—the thing was clearly visible to all, both travelers and inhabitants. It fled, bristling, and this flight of the dragon spread terror. The horrible monster passed over towns, flew by and visited very many places, so the report goes.

A woman has been born in the country in England with two heads, and she had two legs. Two legs only she had, but twice two arms; two bosoms and four breasts added to the wonder. I want you to believe that I say what is so, and write the truth. Her actions, walk, and sitting down were like other women's. Of these women, these sisters, marvelous to tell, one died, the other survived in grief. After a little while both sank in death, the survivor following the other.<sup>13</sup>

A man of great career exists in the regions of Spain. I note him in my verse and swear to these things by true witnesses. He gave out, ye gods, that he was born of a simple virgin without male seed, and the company of his brethren believed him. Finally the viper said he was Christ. He practically proclaims thus or signifies that he is Antichrist. One of no less strange practices has appeared in the regions of the East, and is disordered in mind. This impious fellow said he was great Elijah. Thus you may be sure the last days are near.

Reckless race, let us bemoan our impious deeds while yet we may. The Judge comes threatening; let us tremble. Let no man cease to hold to the right and bewail the evil. Joy is drawing near for them that weep, and wrath for the ungodly. The seventh trump, the last stroke, the dread pious day are here. Wrath comes rushing upon us in thunder and lightning. Thoughtless race, let us flee from things that flee so quickly. Thoughtless race, let us cover our slippery joys with tears. We have refused to stand, and have drifted into evil; let us stand by the good. The hour of doom is at hand, the times are out of joint; let us awake.

#### END OF BOOK I

[*To be continued*]

<sup>13</sup> This is a reference to the Biddenden Maids in Kent; cf. Hone's *Every Day Book*, under March 26. [Note of Rev. Dr. Howard Osgood.]